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THE CHRONICLE.

D.A. MacCrimmon
MONEY
TO LOAN
On Real Estate.

VOL. I. NO. 39.

CROSSFIELD, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1908.

PRICE \$1 A YEAR.

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25c. Will get this paper for the balance of this year and the Montreal Family Herald will be sent Free for the same length of time to every new subscriber. Cash only

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When you are in need of

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FOR GRANARIES, BARNS AND HOUSES,

It will be to your interest to see us. The

CROSSFIELD LUMBER YARD

Always has a large and well assorted stock on hand and prices right.

Large Cash Discounts given on Studebaker Wagons. Come and take a look at them. You will say yourself its the strongest, longest lasting wagon in Alberta and why not buy the best when buying. It is the cheapest.

GEO. BECKER, Prop.

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HARDWARE

We now have a full and complete line of Shelf and Heavy Hardware, Stoves, Washing Machines and Wringers

CLOTHING

Our FIT-RITE CLOTHING

Is now on our shelves. All of the Latest Cuts and newest patterns

GROCERIES

We are now offering—

New evaporated Apricots at \$3.75 per case
New evaporated Peaches at 3.75 per case

FRESH FRUITS

Peaches at \$1.15 per case
Plums at \$1.15 per case
Prunes at \$1.15 per case

Dominion Elections Oct. 26th

On his return on Wednesday morning from Niagara Falls, Sir Wilfrid Laurier had an interview with Governor General Earl Grey and received his consent to the dissolution of the tenth parliament of Canada.

A meeting of the council was held at 3 p. m. and it was then decided that the appeal to the country should be made on Monday, October 26. Nominations are to be held on October 19th.

The date of the Dominion Election has been fixed somewhat earlier than was expected. This is due to the promptitude with which the electoral lists have been arriving at the office of the Secretary of State.

Earl Grey left for Regina on Wednesday.

Mr. Young the Liberal organizer was in town on Thursday.

Meetings are expected to be held by the different parties in the field in this constituency shortly. The candidates between whom choice will have to be made in this constituency are:

M. S. McCarthy, M. P., Conservative.
Dr. Stewart, Liberal.
F. Sherman, Socialist.

CROP REPORT.

The following is the Bank of Commerce crop report regarding Crossfield district:—About 25 per cent of the oats are still uncut, but with this exception harvesting is over. The balance of the oats will be cut in a few days. Threshing is general and reports received during the week indicate that the harvest both regarding the quality and yield of the grain. The wheat crop has been particularly good this year and will grade high. Weather has been favorable and no damage of any kind is reported.

AIRDRIE.

Watch Airdrie Grow!

Sunny Alberta!

Presbyterian services at 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting will be held on Thursday evening.

Methodist Sunday services at 11 a. m. and 3:30 p. m.

Mr. McLennan, three miles east, is erecting a residence for himself.

Mr. Fred Kennedy, of Salmon Arm, B. C. has spent a couple of days visiting friends in Airdrie.

Church of England service will be held in the school-house, Airdrie, on Sunday next at 11 a. m.

Sidney Waugh of Airdrie spent the week end with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Waugh.—High River Times.

Walter Findlay was brought into Dr. Edward's office on Thursday night with his face very badly bruised. He had had some trouble with a branch.

W. Clelland, the contractor, this week purchased two lots from Mr. Smith and will erect a residence for himself on them as soon as he gets finished with the work on Mr. Windsor's house.

Mr. Stacey, who is conducting Church of England services in this district was in town on Monday and made arrangements to hold services in the school house in Airdrie every Sunday at 11 a. m.

LOCAL MARKETS.

Potatoes, per bushel.	\$0.60
Wheat, No. 1, red, bus.	75 c.
Wheat, No. 2, red, bus.	72 c.
Wheat, No. 3, red, bus.	67 c.
Wheat, No. 4, red, bus.	57 c.
Wheat, No. 5, red, bus.	48 c.
Flax	90 c.
Oats	57 c.
Barley	59 c.
Eggs	25 c.
Butter	18 c.
Hogs, live weight	\$4.75
Cattle, live weight	\$3.40-3.4
Sheep, live weight	2 to 3 50 c.

Local and General.

Interesting Items Regarding Crossfield and Elsewhere.

Watch Crossfield Grow.

Have you subscribed yet?

Money saved by seeding Dave.

Crossfield in the Land of Sunshine.

Reid Bros. went to Olds this week.

Outs for Sale at J. A. Sutherland's Crossfield.

"Col." Don. Mathieson paid a visit to Calgary on Monday.

Mrs. Selman and child returned to town this week.

A. T. Boardman, of Olds, was a visitor in town on Sunday.

Mr. Moscahan, of Langdon, was a visitor to Crossfield this week.

E. J. Denton, the barber, has been on the sick list for a day or two.

R. S. Ferguson, of Winnipeg, was a guest at the Alberta Hotel on Tuesday.

The sitting of the District Court in Crossfield has been postponed until Nov. 9th.

Col. Walker visited Crossfield this week and has gone out on a shooting expedition.

I weigh 145 pounds and buy my goods just as cheap as the "heavier" buyers.—Dave

Presbyterian Church Service held in Methodist Church every Sunday evening at 7:30 p. m.

G. A. Cook, Hamilton, Ont., representing the Cary Safe Co. was in town on Monday.

The office belonging to P. C. Cowling is to be let. Apply to H. C. Morrow or W. Brandon.

Methodist Sunday School is held at 2:30 and a preaching service at 3:30 every Sunday afternoon.

Church of England service will be held in the school-house, Crossfield, on Sunday next at 3:30 p. m.

Buy a De Laval cream separator from Edward & Brown, and join the procession of prosperous farmers.

A. F. Johnston, Revelstoke, representing the Cross of Nest Lumber Co., was in town on Saturday.

E. Ainsworth has secured several fine photos of Motter Bros wheat field showing the grain all up in stock.

Mr. J. A. McCool was a visitor to town this week and left on Monday for Didsbury in interests of the C. O. F.

Clifford Charters has just returned from over the Red Deer River where he has been fulfilling his homestead duties.

Dr. Luckner, Dentist, Didsbury, will have his office open every Tuesday. All kinds of dental work done at reasonable prices.

T. E. Bills has taken charge of the Alberta-Pacific Elevator and is having a busy time as grain is coming in right along now.

H. L. Wallis, of the J. R. Case Co. is in town this week. He is attending to the unloading of threshing machines and engines for Fred Salzer and for Gross Bros.

Mr. J. J. Taylor, of Belmont, Ont., who has been visiting his brother-in-law Mr. H. O'Neill, left on Wednesday to visit in Calgary, Brandon and Winnipeg before returning home.

Mr. F. R. Parker, the liverman, is having an addition built to his barn for the accommodation of more horses as the present building has been uncomfortably crowded at times lately.

Mr. Broderston, whose mother died only a week ago has received a telegram stating that his sister, a child of five months old, has also died. The funeral was at 10 a. m. Thursday morning.

Crowds continue to surround the Calgary Dominion Lands Office door from early in the morning and a continual stream of homestead and pre-emption seekers may be seen passing through the office all day long.

The entertainment in Aid of the Methodist Church given by Miss Pauline Johnston, the Mohawk post-entertainer and Walter McElroy, impersonator, was fairly well attended and those present enjoyed the entertainment very much.

100,000 Club Visit

The Calgary 100,000 Club excursion to Olds on Wednesday was a successful one, about 150 ladies and gentlemen taking in the trip. Crossfield was the first point at which the train was due to stop and here the excursionists received the following address which was presented to them by Mr. Fitzgerald on behalf of the Board of Trade.

"On behalf of the Crossfield Board of Trade we beg to extend to you a most hearty welcome to Crossfield. We feel the honor of this, your second visit to our town, and take this opportunity of again assuring you of our sympathy with the objects of your club. We fully realize the benefits accruing to us by your excursion, both in the tremendous enthusiasm it has aroused, and the publicity which cannot fail to follow.

"We have prepared a small exhibit which we have pleasure in placing before you and asking you to do us the honor of inspecting. We regret the time prohibited us from making this as complete and attractive as the resources of our district warrant, but we feel this may give some idea of the great possibilities of our district we firmly believe cannot be surpassed.

"We will always follow with interest the future good work and enterprise of your association."

G. A. Bishop, President.
J. Cameron, Secretary.

Mr. Stanley Jones replied to the address in a few well-chosen words and assured Crossfield people of a hearty welcome in Calgary whenever they might choose to go there.

The school children and a good number of the towns people were on the platform to welcome the visitors. On the arrival of the train the children sang the "Maple Leaf Forever" and the above address was presented after which the visitors displayed oranges, etc., which were tastefully arranged on the lawn at the depot. One of the prominent features of the display was "100,000 Club" arranged out of fine large potatoes.

To Peace River.

C.P.R. Surveyors Busy in Far North

News that will come as a great surprise to the west was brought into Edmonton by a party of northerners who recently came in from the Peace River country.

It is no less than that the Canadian Pacific is locating a line from Edmonton through the Pine Pass with branch north to Duvagan on the Peace.

Two large parties, one under Engineer Pierce, and the other under Engineer Hyslop, have been working all summer between Edmonton and Grand Prairie, and at the present writing both parties are past the Grand Prairie country, the Hyslop party working west towards the Pine Pass, and the other party working north toward the Peace, presumably to locate a line connecting with the great northern water system at Duvagan.

Both are unusually large parties, and there is no business activity about them which demonstrate very clearly that they have no time to lose. The Hyslop party had 25 men and 20 pack animals, and they are laying down their location lines toward the mountain at a record breaking rate.

Engineer Pierce came in from the north on Wednesday of last week and slipped through very quietly for the east, presumably to report to head quarters. He was not talking, but in that respect he was not different from any other members of the party who are still on the work, as the settlers in the Grand Prairie country have been able to get nothing out of the surveyors.

In fact, the whole thing has an air of secrecy and hurry, which seems to indicate that the Canadian Pacific wanted to get the location made before some possible rival should learn that they are on the ground.

The wedding of Miss Clapton, a young English woman, lately arrived from the old country, and Lee Lou, a Chinese merchant took place in Victoria on Tuesday. The two left for Vancouver on Tuesday.

BROKEN IN HEALTH.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Restored Strength After Medical Treatment Had Failed.

"I can truthfully say Dr. Williams' Pink Pills did for me what one of the best doctors in Halifax failed to do—restored my health." This strong statement is made by Mr. Wm. J. Weaver, 123 Argyle St., Halifax, N.S. Mr. Weaver adds:—"A few years ago I took employment in a large factory as foreman. I knew the work would be hard, and friends told me I would never stand it, but as I was a strong man, weighing 150 pounds, I laughed at the idea of not being able to do the work. Anyhow I started and found the job a hard one indeed. There were a number of foremen employed and men were taking and quitting the job every few days. I kept at the work for two years and gained that time lost 50 pounds weight, and was a broken down man. I could not take any meals and often took my dinner back home with me without touching it. When I would be working on the night shift I could not sleep in the day time, and this added to my trouble. Finally I became a total wreck and had to quit the work. I could hardly drag myself about, and yet had become so nervous that I could not sit still and would walk about the house all day. I was ready to drop. The doctor came to see me every day, and changed the medicine time and again, but it did me no good. Finally he wanted me to go to the hospital, and at this stage my friends came to see me every night. While he was reading the evening paper he came across the testimonial of a cure brought by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. He said, "Why don't you try them, nothing else is helping you and they may do you good." He went out and got me a box at once. When this was done I got a half dozen boxes, and before they were all gone I began to feel like a new man. I continued using the pills for a couple of months when I was again as well and as strong as ever I had been in my life, and I have not seen a doctor since. I feel confident there is no remedy in the world equal to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for building up a broken down and nervous system, and for such trouble I would strongly recommend them." Dr. Williams' Pink Pills cure such cases as Mr. Weaver's because they make the rich, red blood that feeds the starved nerves and tones the strength of every part of the body. That is why they cure rheumatism, neuritis, indigestion, malaria, St. Vitus dance, paralysis, and all troubles due to bad blood and shattered nerves. Sold by all medicine dealers or by mail for one dollar, or six boxes for \$5.50 from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

Magistrate—What is the charge against this prisoner?

Policeman—Your Honor, he called me a lobster.

Magistrate—And so you proved it by pinching him, eh?—Philadelphia Press.

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is compounded specially to combat dysentery, cholera morbus, and all inflammatory disorders that change of food or water may set up in the stomach or intestines. These complaints are more common in summer than in winter, but they are not confined to the warm months, as undue laxness of the bowels may seize a man at any time. Such a sufferer will find speedy relief in this Cordial.

Diner—Dash it all, waiter, this corned beef is fine. I hope you are going to have something better to-morrow.

Waiter—We are, sir. We're going to have corned beef hash.—Chicago Journal.

Ten cents' worth of Wilson Fly Pads will kill more house flies than three hundred sheets of sticky paper.

"Well, young Dr. Slicer has made his mark already. He's got the bone in 'Yes; did it on his first case.' 'Great work! What did he do?' 'Vaccinated him.'—Cleveland Leader.

"Fred, dear, I feel it in my bones that you are going to take me to the theatre to-night. 'Which bone, darling?' 'I'm not sure, but I think it's my wishbone.'—Sydney Bulletin.

DR. WILSON'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASE
DR. WILSON'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASE
DR. WILSON'S KIDNEY PILLS
CURE FOR KIDNEY DISEASE

W. N. U. No. 702.

Preserving Fruit.

There are two methods for preserving fruit; in one the fruit is cooked in cans, in the other it is boiled in the syrup. The first method means slower work, but you thus retain the flavor of the fruit—also the fresh, delicious odor which vanishes when fruit is boiled.

Before proceeding with either method see to the fruit cans. A careful housewife washes them during the day as they are emptied, covers them and puts them away on a shelf to be in readiness for the preserving season. Even then they required sterilizing before being used, for the bacteria floating everywhere in the atmosphere require only the slightest chance for lodgment to begin fermentation.

Still, with ordinary care it is quite easy to have fruit keep, even if you live in a hot southern climate. You have simply to be sure that the can is perfectly clean and that it is airtight. To make it so, put each can in a wash-bowl of cold water, dissolve in it a little borax, if you notice dirt or a crust on the cans or their lids. To keep the cans from cracking, the bottom of the boiler with a framework or anything which keeps the glass from the intense heat of the fire. Let the water come up to a boil, then continue at the boiling point for ten minutes. Set the cans back on the stove, cover it, and allow the cans to stand in the hot water until they are needed. Rinse them with fresh boiling water, and they are then ready to fill.

Wilson's Fly Pads kill them all.

It has been suggested that country houses should be painted bright colors instead of a gray tint that gives the impression of cakes of ice. "Why more can a person ask who seeks comfort in the summer months?"

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

The teacher was speaking to the juvenile class on the subject of morals.

"Now, Harry," she said, "what is our duty towards our neighbors?" To keep an eye on 'em," was the reply.—Chicago News.

Unless worms be expelled from the system, no child can be healthy. Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator is the best medicine extant to destroy worms.

Gobso Golde and his family: were doing Westminster Abbey.

Suddenly an old man gave a conspicuous laugh. "The poets corner," he sneered, snapping to his guide book. "Wine goes to a corner in poetry; Guinness whet or cotton, eh, number?"

Your druggist, grocer, or general storekeeper will supply you with Wilson's Fly Pads, and you cannot afford to be without them. Avoid unsatisfactory substitutes.

"The steamship people complain that they have exhausted all the issues ending in 'e'."

"Voltaire," here's the Gastric, the dyspeptic and they might launch a nice juicy pop and call it the 'gastric'—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

He was a collector for an installment house, never to the business and sensitive about performing an unpleasant duty. He was particularly unpleasant because the lady was a very attractive woman and he was called to perform an unpleasant duty was so exceedingly beautiful, the man was at the door, the lady was in arrears in her payments and he remembered his duty.

"Look morning," said the lady. "It's a beautiful day, isn't it?"

"Yes," he agreed. "Er—no, thank you, not this morning," he stammered. "I've come to have the piano!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

Had Silver Plate Inserted.

Mr. C. Taylor, of Silver Ave., Winnipeg, who had lost the bone in his leg from a fracture, had a silver plate inserted by Mr. F. W. E. Burnham, the Broadway surgeon.

Worried.

"Why," asked the good man's wife, "are you looking so thoughtful? You look as if at something disagreeable had happened."

"Perhaps," he replied, "I am foolish to spend as I do do at it. My congregation has raised a purse for the purpose of sending me to Europe."

"And are you sorry it isn't a large enough to enable you to take me with you? Don't let that cause you to feel depressed. It will be very lovely indeed without you, but I know you will need the rest and I shall be very sensible. I can spend the summer in some quiet, inexpensive place, cheered by the thought that you will return refreshed in mind and body."

"It is very good of you to look it in that way, my dear. I appreciate your feeling. But the gentleman who made the presentation speech said he was sorry the amount that had been raised was not larger so that I might be able to remain away longer, and somehow it seemed to me that the applause was more hearty at that point than anywhere else in the course of his remarks."—Chicago Record-Herald.

NUDE STATUARY

Shocks the Sensibilities of National Vigilance Association.

When the boardings were recently removed from the sculptures on the new British Medical Association building, the Strand and Agar street, passers-by gasped and immediately reported the matter to W. A. Coote, secretary of the National Vigilance Association. He took a look at the offending nude figures and informed the police, who at once ordered canvas screens to be put up until the responsible heads of the Medical Association could be communicated with.

"In no other city in Europe," declared the secretary of the N. V. A., "are figures in sculpture of the nude shown in the public streets. The Strand thrust upon the public gaze. If photographs of the statues were sold in the public streets or exposed for sale in any shop, proceedings would at once be taken. We intend, however, to deal with the figures as removed, to take action and see whether or not the law is strong enough to deal with such a display."

Said Guy Elliston, secretary of the British Medical Association: "I cannot see anything objectionable in the statue. Nude figures in themselves constitute no harm. If they were on the ground level, as they are, they are related by ribald people it would be different. But they are fifty feet from the ground. We are not concerned with a nude figure on the Strand side, I went to see it. I failed to notice anything wrong, suggestive, or indecent."

George Frampton, R.A., the famous sculptor, said: "I should think the objection in the suggestion put into the figures by the minds of the persons who complain. There is nothing objectionable in the nude. The indecency is in the minds of the people who look at the figures. Many nude figures, some of them in beautiful groups, appear on our public buildings. So long as there is no suggestiveness—why should they be termed indecent?"

Walter Crane, the well-known artist, took a similar view: "I have not seen the statues, and do not know who the sculptor is, and can therefore express no opinion on their artistic merit. So far, however, as the principle involved is concerned, I am entirely in favor of frank sex representation in art."

Ceylon's Land-Leech

It is nearly always the case that exceedingly beautiful countries are overrun by different kinds of pests. Beautiful Ceylon has mosquitoes, said to be the most annoying and dangerous in the world, and snakes, and a thousand insect pests of the human race.

One of the worst of these all is a species of leech. The Ceylon land-leech is a thin creature about two inches long, and very pliable and flexible; it will crawl up a man's leg, and traveling underneath the clothing, will find its way as high as the throat. They do not crawl like the innocent leech that was known to medicine men, but rather themselves up on their tail to watch for prey and walk off to attack it with amazing rapidity. In walking through the jungle hosts of them may be seen by the roadside, where they wait to victimize the traveler. They are driven half wild by heat, as also are palanquin-bearers and coolies, whose bare legs are their favorite resorts, the men's hands being too engaged to pull them off. The leeches may be seen hanging round their ankles, from which tiny trickles of blood run over the foot.

The Bajus of Borneo.

Kina Balu, the highest mountain in Borneo, rises nearly 14,000 feet above the sea level. Among the tribes to be found on the mountain are a very strange race of people called the Bajus. They trade in camphor, wax, nutmegs, and sandalwood. The great source of their wealth is, however, the edible birds' nests, beloved by Chinese gourmets. One of the most peculiar of their customs is the christening of a child. A feather is inserted up the baby's nostril, to tickle it; if it sneezes it is a good sign, but if not the ceremony is put off until another day. One of their most inhuman customs is that when their women are dying they are taken to the woods, and left in a hastily built hut, where only the means of their sustenance may walk on them.

Eucharistic Congress.

Following the Pan-American, another great congress is to assemble in London this summer. This is the Eucharistic Congress, which was first held at Avignon in 1889. It will be the greatest gathering of Roman Catholic ecclesiastics ever seen in England. The Duke of Norfolk is president of the reception committee, which is making preparations to provide suitable accommodations for the large number of clergy who will attend. There will be present several cardinals from the United States, Rome, Spain, Germany, France, Belgium and other countries. The Anglican president, the Westminster Cathedral will be Cardinal Gibbons.

Rat Crusade Is On.

The new Society for the Destruction of Vermin has started a series of competitions among its members. Prizes are offered to the clubs and individuals who destroy the greatest number of rats in a year. Every competitor must kill 200 rats to qualify for an award. It is estimated that there are more than 10,000,000 rats in England, and that the damage to property amounts to several millions.

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ALWAYS, EVERYWHERE IN CANADA, ASK FOR EDDY'S MATCHES

Eddy's Matches have hailed from Hull since 1861—and these 57 years of Constant Bettement have resulted in Eddy's Matches reaching a height of Perfection attained by No Other.

Sold and used everywhere in Canada.

TRISCUIT

If you want to thoroughly enjoy your vacation don't forget to take along a supply of **TRISCUIT**—The Dainty Shredded Wheat Wafer. Nutritious and appetizing. Try it with butter, cheese or fruits.

1005 ALWAYS READY TO SERVE—Sold by All Grocers.

"The English suffragettes are threatening to use bombs." "And if they have no effect?" "Then, I'm afraid, they'll resort to hatpins."—Kansas City Journal.

Ned—Is she a dog fancier? Sue—Is she? Why, she has been trying for ever so long to make a phobia more fashionable than appendicitis.

Money. Money. \$50,000

TO LOAN on Improved Farm
Lands at a Low Rate of
Interest.

The expenses are the Lowest
and no commission is charged.

Business strictly confidential.

INSURANCE A SPECIALTY.

TOWNSITE PROPERTY FOR
SALE.

— SEE —

D. A. MacCrimmon

The Hay and Grain Man.
Crossfield.

ALBERTA HOTEL,

Good
Accommodation

REASONABLE RATES.

M R. HANDLEY, Prop.

LETHBRIDGE - COAL -

We have the exclusive agency
for Lethbridge Gault Coal.
You cannot buy this high
class coal from anyone else in
town.

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The Livery Barn



Bring along your Watch
and jewelry Repairs
We guarantee all our work
or refund the money
GIVE US A TRIAL.

McKee & Co.

Palace Meat Market

Dealers in

All Kinds of Fresh and Salt
Meats.

Highest Cash Price Paid
For Dressed Pork, Poultry
and Hides.

PALACE MEAT MARKET

G. F. Mitchell, Prop.

The Chronicle.

Published at Crossfield, Alta

Editor—J. Mewhort.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1908

General.

Have you subscribed yet?

The total attendance at the Toronto
exhibition amounted to about 765,000.

Sir Alphonse Pothier was this week
sworn in as Lieut. Governor of the Province
of Quebec.

Conservatives at a meeting in St. John
N. B. passed a resolution recommending
that the election law be amended so as to
permit commercial travellers to vote in
whatever constituency they may be on
election day. The motion was made by
Mr. Fowler, M. P.

Dr. Mote, of Vegreville preached in
Crossfield on Sunday night.

An extra large and vicious lynx was
seen on 33-28 by E. C. Colter this week.

AIRDRIE.

Mr. and Mrs. Soper were visitors to
Calgary on Tuesday.

Mrs. R. M. Plank, of Moline, Ill., is
in town on business.

W. T. Rogers spent the week-end in
Calgary visiting friends.

Misses Vansickle were paying a few
calls in Airdrie on Thursday.

Mrs. Coombe and Mrs. L. Farr were
visitors in Calgary on Wednesday.

N. A. Manning, of Arrowhead, B. C.
was a visitor to Airdrie on Thursday.

T. Johnston's new blacksmith shop on
corner of Main and Bower St., is nearing
completion.

Mr. McArthur who has been visiting
his son near Airdrie is returning to Scot-
land next week.

A. Swenson has a great crop. He is
threshing 48 bushels to the acre off his
100 plots of wheat.

J. Couche had a fine horse which he
tangled up in a wire fence and broke its
leg. It had to be shot.

Mr. Miller, from Illinois, is spending
some days in Airdrie. He thinks this is
a wonderful country and he may settle
here.

J. M. Windsor's new residence is
nearly completed. It is a commodious
two story building and has a 12 foot
deck roof. When finished it will be one
of the most up-to-date houses in town.
The contractor, Mr. Clelland, is putting
good workmanship into the building.

BORN.

HODGINS.—At Airdrie on Sept. 11th to
the Rev. and Mrs. E. J. Hodgins a
daughter.

WELDON.—At Calgary last week to Mr.
and Mrs. R. G. Weldon—a son.

MARRIED.

FLETCHED-NORTHOTT.—At the
home of the bride, near Airdrie on
Sept. 15th Miss Northott to Edward
Fletcher of Calgary.

Novelty in Cement Wall.

There is a wall of cement in Los An-
geles which shows up one side of a
building lot that has an artistic value
never intended by the builder. He had
moved his bags of cement on to the
ground to be ready for work and was
then called away on some other
job for a day or two. In the mean-
time one of the very infrequent rains
came on, and each sack turned into
stone under the action of the water,
and the fabric of the sacks themselves
were absorbed into the cement so that
it was impossible to remove it. Conse-
quently each sack was wrought into
the wall as if it had been a bowlder on
the line of an old stone wall. They
were then chinked and bound together
with worked cement, and after a time
the weather disposed of the gunny
sacking, but left the blocks marked
with the impress of the weave. The
result is a highly ornamental cement
wall, resembling at a little distance a
wall of some ancient material.

A person is always startled when he
hears himself seriously called old for
the first time.—O. W. Holmes.

ORIENTAL RUGS.

Why These That Are Made by Hand
Work Cost So Much.

The staple apparatus is still in use
in outlying districts—home dye tubs
filled with colors extracted from
sheep's blood, larkspur, indigo, turme-
ric, saffron, mulberry, walnut husks,
brass combs for carding and distaffs
whirled by hand. Then worsted yarn is
passed over and under the strings
twice. Songs are sung—songs trans-
mitted from old to young, so ancient,
some of them, that they are in a lost
language—and these songs tell the
weaver what colors to tie in as she
progresses with the pattern. Each
district has its own patterns and
songs. After each knot the ends of
the yarn are scissored off to form the
pile.

In a close woven pile like a Kif-
man, measuring a mere 5 by 5 feet,
there are 400 knots to the square
inch. As the weaver's speed is about
three knots a minute, four years of
continuous labor would be required on
such a rug. Within that time some
fingers would stop weaving forever;
others would go on with it. Was it
any wonder, the rug hunter asked me,
that no two old rugs, even from the
same village and the same household,
were ever just alike? A nervousness
would induce a greater unconscious
use of white; a bride would turn the
weaver's thoughts to secret and vic-
tories of war to yellow. Local environ-
ment, family happenings, removals
from town to desert and desert to
mountain, would each have effect. Goss-
p of harems, the tinkle of silver
anklets, the alarms of brigands, the
clatons of religious, all would go into
the rug.

"Then," I interrupted the hunter, "if
they still dye and weave an old,
rugs are being made now that eventu-
ally will be beautiful and valuable?"

If the west were willing to say to
the east, "We will give you five or ten
years to make a rug" if it would say
that, then age and gentle wear would
do the rest. But the west won't. It has
magnificent increasing numbers to
put out at once. So it has introduced an-
line dyes and machine carders and
spinning jennies and collective weav-
ing and is ruining the beautiful produc-
tion.—Franklin Clark in Everybody's
Magazine.

SUGAR AS FOOD.

Used With Discrimination, It is an Aid
to Good Health.

"There is a prejudice against sugar
which is not justified by physiological
reasoning," says the London Lancet.
"Sugar is one of the most powerful
foods which we possess, as it is the
cheapest or at any rate one of the
cheapest. In muscular labor no food
appears to be able to give the same
powers of endurance as sugar, and
comparative practical experiments
have shown without the least doubt
that the hard physical worker, the
athlete or the soldier on the march is
much more equal to the physical strain
placed upon him when he has had in-
cluded in his diet a liberal allowance
of sugar than when sugar is denied to
him.

"Trophies, prizes and cups have un-
doubtedly been won on a diet in which
sugar was intentionally a notable con-
stituent. It has even been said that
sugar may decide a battle and that
Jan after all is something more than a
mere sweetener to the soldier. The
fact that sugar is a powerful 'muscle
food' accounts probably for the disor-
der into which it falls, for a compara-
tively small quantity amounts to an
excess and excess is always inimical
to the easy working of the digestive
processes.

"Sugar satisfies. It is a concentrated
food. Where sugar does harm, there-
fore, it is invariably due to excess.
Taken in small quantities and distrib-
uted over the daily food intakes, sugar
contributes most usefully in health to
the supply of energy required by the
body.

"And it is a curious fact that the
man who practically abstains from
sugar or reduces his diet to one almost
free from carbohydrates in favor of
protein foods, such as meat, often
shows feeble muscular energy and an
indifferent capacity for physical endur-
ance."

"Why Silence Reigned.
"Darting," he cried in tones of deep
emotion, "at last you are safely in my
arms and nothing shall part us more."

The object of his teaching words and
passionate embraces made no response
but remained cold and silent. Tears
welled into his eyes.
"Desist," he cautioned, "how can I
prove my love? Is there no sacrifice
I can make for your sweet sake, no
suffering I can endure?"

This final appeal was irresistible.
"The best thing you can do my
man," said a gruff voice, "is to come
along with me." And a brutal police-
man unfastened him from the lamp-
post and led him silently away.—Lon-
don Scripps.

It is the common wonder of all men
how many so many million of faces
there should be among alike.—Brown.

THE TOGGERY.

See Dave

Hunt Him Up. You Will Save Money.

Look at these Prices

End of Season Clearing.

The Last Chance at these Prices. These last for one week

CLOTHING.

Suits.

	Regular	For
1 only size 44	\$12.50	\$ 8.75
1 " " 42	15.00	10.50
1 " " 40	15.00	10.50
1 " " 38	13.50	10.00
1 " " 37	15.00	10.50
1 " " 38	8.50	6.00
1 " " 38	11.50	8.75
1 " " 36		

UNDERCLOTHING.

Odd Pieces.

Shirts heavy, regular 75 and 85 cents for 50c.

Odd Shirts and Drawers \$1.50 for \$1.15

2.25 for \$1.60

Balbriggan \$1 for 75c.

75c. for 60c.

50c. for 40c.

FANCY HOSE.

Regular 75c. for 60c.

40c. for 30c.

40c. for 30c.

Heavy Stocking for Boys

Regular 50c. for 35c.

LINEN CLOTHS.

SUCCESS, Reg. 2c. Two for 25c.

SHIRTS.

NEGLIGEE. Sizes 16 1-2, 17, 17 1-2, 18

Regular \$1.25 and \$1 for 75c.

Odd Pants, large sizes, for \$1.65, \$2, \$2.25, and \$3.50.

Tailoring.

Suits Pressed.

D. G. HARVIE.



Court Prairie Flower No. 1157

Meets the first Saturday of every month
in the hall. Visiting brethren
always welcome. For further information
write any of the brethren.

Geo. W. Boyce, James Mewhort
C. R. Rec. Sec.



"No Surrender," No. 1906.

Meets Friday on or before the Full
Moon. Visiting brethren always wel-
come.

Geo. W. Boyce, A. Wheeler,
W. M. Secy.

The Power of Mystery.

"I can't afford to have people think I
don't know about this particular ques-
tion," said the politician, "and I haven't
the time I need to read up on it."

"Well," replied his wife, "in that case
I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd look wise
and get some paper to announce that
you decline to be interviewed."

Ingress and Egress.

The Old Man—The easiest way to get
into society is to marry for money.

The Young Man—Suppose you are in
society and want to get out?

The Old Man—Then marry for love.
—Illustrated His.

Crossfield Drug Store

For Your Stationery and all
Medical Supplies.

MERRICK THOMAS.

C. W. MOORE,

BARRISTER, SOLICITOR,
NOTARY PUBLIC
Will attend Crossfield Court on Nov. 5th
Carstairs, Alberta

Dr. LARGE,

Dentist, Carstairs,
Will be at the Alberta Hotel, Crossfield,
Every Thursday, after Sept. 10th.
AT CARSTAIRS OFFICE
Every Day, Except Wednesday and
Thursday.

Jas. McCool

ISSUER OF
MARRIAGE LICENSES
and
AUCTIONEER.

Any orders left at the Chronicle office
will be promptly attended to.

G. T. JONES—Cattle branded on
left ribs. Split in both ears. 5 fly.

\$5.00 REWARD.

LOST.—Bay mare, two years old,
branded as cut on right shoulder sup-
posed to be east of Crossfield. Five
dollars reward for information of same.
s-1745 J. COOMBE, Airdrie.

Humble Folk

By C. B. LEWIS.

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In a way that had been engaged for a year or more, Tom Salters and Linda Green—in a way, I say, because the humble people living in the caves or scattered cabins on the sides and crests of the southern mountains do not speak of "engagement."

It is taken for granted that when a "young fellow" hangs around the cabin of a mountaineer possessing a marriageable daughter he has matrimony in view, and when the nearest neighbors are called in to see the couple jump the broomstick or stand up before a traveling preacher he is made one there is no surprise and little comment.

The father of Linda Green had no question to ask of Tom Salters. He had known his father for years. Tom had as yet no question to ask of Linda's side. Neither Linda nor her mother had referred to the subject. Many times when Joe Breun and the young man were out hunting squirrels or waiting to the village together, Tom would suddenly say without preface: "Reckon me'n Linda better get hitched."

And the father of Linda would throw away the old gold, bite off another and after chewing away for a couple of minutes would reply:

"Yes, I reckon."

That evening the father would have a few words to say to the mother in private, and at a later hour she would casually remark to the daughter:

"Tom Salters wants you, and I reckon you'll be goin' in a few days."

Twelve times in twenty the marriage would follow. There would be a new squaw of land taken up, a new polo cabin built, a chance for a fly would come on making mountain history. But in this case no marriage followed. It was all on account of the arrival of Tom Salters' uncle from a village in the lowlands. He was in business down there and wanted help, so he had come for Tom.

Tom had no education, but he had native wit. He was known to be a "right smart" young man. The uncle talked of a broader field, a chance for education and a rise in the world. Linda must wait. At the end of a year or two Tom could come back and marry her and take her away.

And in the twilight of a summer's evening Tom and Linda sat on a log in front of her father's cabin, a space of a foot between them. Both looked into vacancy, and he told her of the plan.

He talked in a jerky, disquieted way, but she understood as well as if he had been a silver-tongued orator. He had asked for her hand. He meant to marry her. He had no more to say of delay. The road seemed straight and plain to him, and he did not dream that there was a knife at her heart as she listened.

Men will never understand how far-reaching woman's intuition is. The girl followed Tom's words, and in a few months and months and months ahead of them.

Two or three times she instinctively reached out her hand to detain him, but drew it back without his having observed the action. Two or three times there were tears in her eyes, but she took care that he should not see them.

"Well, what do you reckon?" he asked as he had finished and the silence had lasted for a long minute.

"Better go, I reckon," was the reply. What other answer could she have made, a tumbled, hardfisted, ignorant girl of the mountains, and yet would her woman's pride seek to detain him when he had proposed the separation?

They sat together for five minutes longer, and then they separated, she to enter the cabin and seek its darkest corner to let her tears flow and he to shake hands with her father and mother and bid them goodby.

It may be said of the lovers that both could "write words of fire" and both could read a scrawl or two, no scrawls passed between them. They were weakly at first, but as there were longer intervals. If Tom did not write, Linda could not answer. Then one day there came a neighbor who had seen Tom in person in his new field.

The speaker did not mean to wound or irritate, but he had seen a new Tom Salters, one who was no longer of the mountains. He had forgotten the crags and peaks for the streets of the town.

When the man had departed Linda's mother wanted to look her in the eyes. Linda wanted to do the same by her mother. Instead of so doing both turned their heads away. They said nothing of Tom.

What happened was all simple and natural. Tom Salters had entered upon a new life. It offered numberless attractions to the young man who had never traveled ten miles from the cabin in which he had been born, and it was but natural that he should soon

begin to forget the old life and air that he had left behind.

His scruples were melted at longer intervals and finally ceased altogether. He came to almost ignore the few mountain men he had known in other days. They looked at his new clothes, noted his speech and walk and went away shaking their heads. In their opinion this was rank disloyalty to the mountains.

By and by there came another messenger to the cabin in the cove where Linda waited. Again there was no word of return, but Linda had no time to impart news. Tom Salters was "coming up" to a handsome young girl down there in the town.

He had become almost a gentleman. No matter how right smart he had been before leaving home, he had surely become right smart after his life among townsmen. He would never return. He would marry and settle down where he was.

All this word music more Linda listened to with her elbows on her knees and her head in her hands. She sat thus after the caller had departed, and her mother dared not break the silence. It was Linda herself who broke it at last by lifting her head and quietly saying:

"I never reckoned on his comin' back. We hadn't goin' to speak of him no mo'."

The mother crossed the room and patting the daughter on the shoulder, and the incident was closed. Mr. Breun was not even informed of the fact.

Linda had not sung for months. She began singing now. She had not rambled from the cabin for weeks. She now began talking long. "Linda," her mother came to her lips once more, and when she stopped at the little position and was told that she was a letter her smile was not replaced by a look of disappointment.

"Linda's forgot about Tom and it is the perfect thing for her," remarked the father to the mother one evening as they sat alone.

The mother did not answer. She looked at him in contempt. As a mother she knew that Linda was simply breaking her heart. The true woman suffers when she laughs more. She was watching Linda. There was an undefined fear that the girl's reckless spirit might lead to tragedy.

Weeks passed, however, and nothing happened—nothing except that Linda grew pale cheeked and thin, and a note of distress rang in her laughter. She was suffering and yet defying the pain.

Then came a crisis. She was a mile down the mountain road one day, seated on a log, when she had a fall. She sat before watching the highway winding down into the lowlands and the dingy water she knew not of, when a human figure came into view. It was a man below. She recognized it even at that distance. A blush came to her cheeks and her eyes flashed. Tom Salters was coming back at last.

She saw that he was dressed as she had last seen him and that he walked with weary step and dejected attitude. Until he was within a quarter of a mile the girl was blushing and trembling, but when he was within a half a mile below. She recognized it even at that distance. A blush came to her cheeks and her eyes flashed. Tom Salters was coming back at last.

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"Let me go to now, Linda?" "Yes, I reckon," she replied as she gave him her hand.

"That's that, too," was "just like a woman."

Beginning Letters.

"Nowhere is the insignificance of the present age more apparent than in the beguiling letters received by rich men."

said a private secretary. "I have been reading letters of that kind by the hundred for the past fifteen years. Formerly all beguiling letters sounded alike. So stereotyped were they that they might have been copied bodily from a ready letter writer. Now the writers display originality. They may want the same old thing that their predecessors wanted, but they ask for it in a different way. People in need have acquired the art of expressing themselves in a dramatic way. That is to their advantage. It may be unjust, but usually the letter that hits the rich man hardest brings the most favorable reply. The writer may not really need assistance nearly so badly as some timid supplicant who clings to some trifling favor, but gets the relief asked for every time."

These Observers Were Wholly Personal in Their Judgments.

"The critical faculty is rare," said an editor and critic at a Philadelphia art club. "It must be impersonal. But most of us incline to be wholly personal in our criticism. The fact was brought home to me at one of the exhibitions at the Academy of Fine Arts."

"Passing from picture to picture, I was looking at the 'Landscape' by a lady in a rich gown said:

"What a superb portrait of a young girl! It should certainly win the Carnegie prize!"

"A fat, red nosed man in a fur lined overcoat halted before a picture entitled 'The Luncheon'."

"This still life," he exclaimed, "is the most admirable I have ever seen. It is a masterpiece of technique. I never before saw a picture so perfect."

"In this historical painting," I heard an antiquary say, "the costumes are accurate in every detail. The painter is a second Raphael."

"That old fellow," said a young polo player, "is exactly like my Podokoski. It's the best picture in the exhibition."

Believing uttered a cry of delight before a dumb called 'The Gladiator'.

"What something? What arms?"

"I don't know," said the lady, "but I think it's a masterpiece of technique. I never before saw a picture so perfect."

"And half the throng, departing, said: 'The picture in the last room is the best I have ever seen. It's exactly like my Podokoski. It's the best picture in the exhibition.'"

Mole Superstitions.

According to tradition, if you have a mole on your chin you may expect to have a bad day if you have a mole on your arm it promises you wealth and honor as well. A mole on the ankle indicates courage. On the left hand a mole means you will be a wife. A mole on the great toes of the earth, but if it be placed on the right temple it warns you of coming danger. A mole on a man's knee means that he may expect to marry a rich woman. A mole on the neck promises you a great future. A mole on your nose you are going to be a great traveler. A mole on the throat indicates health and wealth.

The Silent Winners.

Examine our list of presidential candidates and see how few of them made stump speeches.

George Washington made none. Thomas Jefferson made none. John Adams, John Quincy Adams, James Madison, James Monroe made none.

Neither did Andrew Jackson, nor Martin Van Buren, nor General Harrison, nor James K. Polk, nor Franklin Pierce, nor James Buchanan—Jefferson.

A Fortunate Man.

One day a young man took to the market place the house where he was an owner plant, then set it out to grow. Said he, "Next winter we'll have oranges, fresh oranges every day, and what a saving it will be with not a cent to pay. Oh, but hubby should be thankful it was his lot in life to get such a saving woman for his own little wife."

An Eye Opener.

"Eight o'clock, and I'm so sleepy I can scarcely open my eyes!"

"Shall I bring you my bill, sir?" inquired a waiter.

A Mirror Superstition.

Convince the mother when there is death in the family originated in the superstition that goblins, spirits, elves or other uncanny creatures would crowd to the glass to look on.

Ancient England.

The population of England at the time of the Conquest did not exceed 2,000,000 all told.

COUNTING THE STARS.

Use Made of the Microscope and of Photographic Plates.

The gigantic but fascinating task which J. Franklin-Adams, F. R. S. A., has undertaken of counting the myriad stars in the heavens and assigning to each its proper magnitude is one which demands the quality of almost infinite patience.

Mr. Franklin-Adams has already secured photographic plates covering the whole of the southern hemisphere, and these, with the series dealing with the northern hemisphere, will number more than 200. Each plate, which is fifteen inches square, records from 20,000 to 250,000 starry images, and on a rough calculation the total number of stars photographed will prove to be about 25,000,000.

The task of counting the stars on the plates has already been commenced, and that, work together with the cataloguing, will take another ten years. The method of counting the stars on the plates was explained by R. J. Mitchell, Mr. Franklin-Adams' chief assistant.

"First taking one of the plates," said Mr. Mitchell, "we move it across a grid of stars, the grid being contained in the field of a high powered microscope. A horizontal strip in the grating is then examined, and the stars in this small area are then counted from left to right. Of course it is impossible to insure absolute accuracy, for there is the possibility that a star may be counted twice or missed altogether."

"Then there is the difficulty presented by mechanical specks on the plates, which are not stars, but which are counted as such. Mr. Franklin-Adams has a method by means of which all stars above the tenth magnitude can be differentiated from the mechanical specks."

"Mr. Franklin-Adams and his assistants check one another in the counting, but there is always a possibility of mistake. The total, due, of course, to the personal equation as represented by the operator."

"Merely to count the stars on an average plate will take about ten days. The photographic magnitude occupies the time of two men for more than a fortnight if they work seven hours a day. In taking the plates Mr. Franklin-Adams used a triple achromatic ten inch telescope working at F4. In the northern hemisphere the work has been completed in two hours twenty minutes and in the southern, with its clear atmosphere, two hours."—London Mail.

An Ingenious Swindle.

A large number of chemists in Paris have been the victims of an ingenious swindle. In the last week of the year they received a visit from an individual who handed in a prescription to be made up. Among the ingredients was a quantity of water, but it was unknown to them, and a note was added to the effect that it was to be obtained at a certain wholesale depot. The chemists almost to a man sent off to the depot for the special ingredient and paid 12 francs for a bottle of stuff. The prescriptions were duly made up, but were never claimed, and it now transpires that a couple of men had been using the depot and sold bottles of colored water to the unsuspecting chemists at 12 francs apiece. The Paris police are anxiously inquiring in the House of Commons for their counterparts who visited the chemists' shops.

Barrels of Money.

As the dot of his bride, Grand Duchess Maria Paulovna of Russia, 3,500,000 rubles have been deposited to the credit of Prince Wilhelm of Sweden. The money was shipped from St. Petersburg in thirty-five barrels, each containing 100,000 rubles in gold. The Swedish royal mint will recast the gold into Swedish values free of charge, and the young couple will then be enabled to establish their royal menage on a fitting scale. While this sum is a free gift of the bride to her husband, the grand duchess retains the income from her landed estates in Russia for her own pin money, and in addition to this she has a considerable sum of her own expense a castle for the royal "honeymooners" near the capital—Argonout.

Wonderful Surgery.

Among recent wonderful surgical operations is one of the most daring and unusual nature. An idiot six years old, the daughter of a resident of Berlin, has been converted into an intelligent being by the process of grafting part of the mother's brain upon the child's pancreas. In more popular language, this means that part of the mother's brain has been transferred by the grafting process to a gland in the child, lying directly at the back of the stomach. The operation was carried out by Dr. C. Thoma, a German surgeon, whose success in the transplanting of organs from one animal to another and even from the lower animal to the human being has attracted wide attention.

Far From Funny.

The Baudouin (sneezily) I don't just settle a bill for \$21 for the 'Merry Widow' my wife wears—Detroit Tribune

ROYAL HOMICIDES.

A Series of Grim Stories From the Courts of Europe.

In the old days royalty thieved and swindled and murdered pretty much as they liked. They are not supposed to do such things now, perhaps because they are much more strictly looked after. But even in these modern times princesses of the blood royal have taken the lives of their fellow men.

It is always an accident, of course; at least, so the official journals say. If they say anything at all. If only the other day an aged Serbian peasant received an official notice that his son, a private in the Serbian army, was dead, and that the body was being sent home for burial. Nothing was said as to the cause of death, and when the coffin arrived the old man insisted on having it opened. On the lid being removed, the soldier's family were amazed to find a bullet wound in the body. Suspensions of foul play were aroused. Inquiries were made, and at last the truth was dragged from the reluctant officials.

An officer, then, said, had been practising with his revolver, and, seeing the soldier with a cigarette in his mouth, he had fired, but he could not knock the tobacco ash from the tip of the cigarette. He raised his revolver and shot the soldier.

"Who was the officer—the man who murdered my son?" the old man asked.

They tried to put him off with all sorts of explanations, but at last he forced them to answer his question.

"It was his highness, the Crown Prince."

And July a hunting party, which included the Emperor of Austria, went to shoot at Mitten, Welschbuck, near Ischi. In a surprisingly short time they returned to Ischi, one of the party having been injured. An "imperial" communication was sent to the press to the effect that Baron Kriehammer, Minister of War for Austria-Hungary, had fallen while shooting and injured himself.

The baron, who was an old man of 75, lingered for some time in great agony, but 10 days after the accident he died. Soon afterwards the true story of his death became known. He had been accidentally shot by Prince George of Bavaria, one of the hunting party.

A motorist who runs down and kills a man is called a highway murderer, then at the present moment a murderer sits on a European throne. While traveling in his motor car at Farnersdorf the King of Saxony ran over a farmer named Starcke.

Starcke was a peasant, and the King of Saxony was one of the principal in the most unpleasant royal scandal of recent years. The King was granted some sort of compensation to the dead man's family. With truly princely generosity he was granted 300,000 marks.

HE CUT DOWN POSTAGE.

Right Hon. Sydney Buxton Helped Secure Newstead Reduction.

To Right Hon. Sydney Buxton, Postmaster-General, the British Cabinet, belongs at least some of the credit for the step recently announced of a penny postage for the United Kingdom.

Mr. Buxton has been described in a journal of the Opposition as "a really great Postmaster-General," announced in the House of Commons that the lowering of the rate of postage from 2½ pence to 1d. per ounce may result in a loss to the British exchequer of about £130,000 a year, but, on the other hand, may be repaid by the growth of correspondence.

Educational Item.

City Copsin—Let's see, uncle, didn't Bella graduate from the normal school last year?

Uncle John—Yes. But from the wax she's been acting since she got home—the farm I reckon it oughter be called the normal school—Buck.

A Popular Act.

Mr. Grumley—He's a \$10, and it has bothered me a little to get it for you. I think I deserve a little to get it for you. I think I deserve a little to get it for you. I think I deserve a little to get it for you.

"A case of insanity"—Chicago Record-Herald

A Cut.

"A case of insanity"—Chicago Record-Herald

A Cut.

"A case of insanity"—Chicago Record-Herald

A Cut.

"A case of insanity"—Chicago Record-Herald

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"A case of insanity"—Chicago Record-Herald

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"A case of insanity"—Chicago Record-Herald

A Cut.

"A case of insanity"—Chicago Record-Herald

A Cut.



Hoop Race

"NO, MY SON," said Monsieur Duncas, firmly; "when I bought your diablo set I told you quite plainly that it must last you at least a month; nor will I reverse my decision."

Frederic sadly turned and walked away. Always careless with his toys, he had broken three diablo sets within the past two weeks. Now his father was determined to teach the boy a lesson. The punishment was just, Frederic knew, and at any ordinary time he would have borne it with fortitude. But tomorrow was the 14th day of July, when he was entered in the diablo contest. And he had no set!

As was usual for him, Frederic had also spent his week's pocket money. Unfortunately, too, his sister Christine had spent her all in the purchase of ribbons and other gewgaws for services on the morrow. There was apparently no way out of the difficulty. Frederic was inconsolable.

The weather for this joyous celebration was ideal. Not a cloud marred the sky. July 14, you know, is the French holiday which marks the falling of the Bastille. Paris, in particular, is in her gayest mood upon this day. In the morning there is speckmarking by great numbers of dignitaries, exercises and processions of the school children and military pageants. Then the afternoon is by custom devoted exclusively to the children, who participate in all manner of games and contests. At the close of the day there is a magnificent display of fireworks, and the rest of the evening is spent in mirth and revelry.

Frederic and Christine acquitted themselves well in the patriotic exercises, in which both had prominent parts. And Christine looked so nice in the procession, with her pretty new gown, that Frederic in his pride for her forgot temporarily his own dissatisfaction. Afterward the splendid procession of brightly uniformed soldiery was enough to stir any boy's blood.

When luncheon was over Christine and Frederic, accompanied by their father and mother, eagerly betook themselves to where the children's games were to be held. A great crowd had already gathered to witness the different events. Promptly at half-past two o'clock, the master of ceremonies announced the beginning of the contest. First, there was a "three-legged" race for the boys.

Magnetic Experiment

LAY an ordinary one-foot rule across the top of a glass. Grasp one end of the rule between the forefinger and the middle finger. Secure a small sheet or plate of hard rubber. Rub it vigorously with a piece of silk to generate electricity. Hold the piece of rubber between the thumb and forefinger of the same



MATERIALS EMPLOYED

hand in which you grasp the rule. By touching the rule with the rubber you will find that pieces of paper thrust upon the under side of the other end of the ruler will remain suspended without visible means of support.

The paper, of course, is attracted by the magnetized rule.

Prince Johann's Port



Each had one leg tied up with a gay-colored scarf. This left him one leg and his hands to cover the stretch of pavement that lay between the starting-point and the goal. Frederic hobbled along the course with great vim, and he was roundly cheered by numerous friends when he came out in second place. Christine did well, also, in the bowl race which followed. In this, several little girls ran with bowls filled to the rim with water. She who reached the goal first, and without spilling any of the water, was awarded the prize.

Next came an egg race. In which boys ran along a stretch of ground with eggs balanced in spoons; then a candle race, and many other contests. The hoop

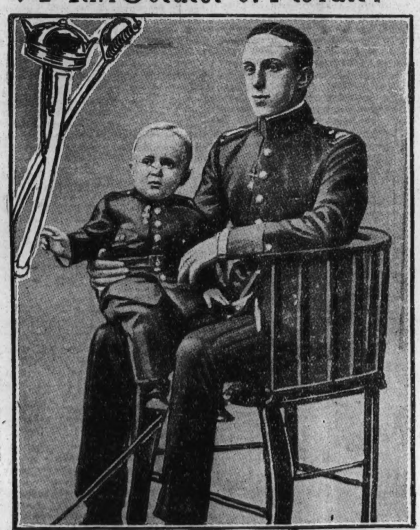
Awarding the Prizes

race for girls was announced as the event to follow.

As Christine took her place in the line of girls who were competing, her neighbor whispered: "I hear there's going to be a delightful set of diablo for the winner of this race."

At once the thought came to Christine that there was an opportunity to win the set for Frederic, and thus enable him to enter the contest to be held later. Frederic, in the meantime, had given up all hope of his father relenting, and as befitted a brave lad, was trying his best not to feel disappointed. It really was a great disappointment, because he was very skilful at diablo and had

A Tiny Soldier of Royalty



ONE doesn't often hear of a soldier who is little more than a year old. The little chap here shown is a private of the First Battalion of the No. 1 Infantry Regiment of Spain. Although only a private, he's quite a distinguished personage. Indeed, he is no other than his royal highness the prince of Asturias, son of the king of Spain. Quite a big-sounding name for such a little fellow, isn't it?

This tiny prince was made a soldier on May 10, the day upon which he was exactly 1 year old. On the uniform may be seen the Order of the Golden Fleece.

Places of Importance.

Je-may was showing the visitor about it.

"That," said he, "is one of the most 'important spots in town.'"

"Why, I see nothing but a vacant lot," returned the visitor. "What is there in it to be proud of?"

"Yes, but 'tisn't always a vacant lot," retorted Johnny. "Then he explained, proudly: 'That's where the circus always stops.'"

LIVING FISH from PASTEBOARD



DRAW a fish upon stiff blotting-paper, and cut it out.

Make dotted lines corresponding to those in picture. Fold along these lines, beginning at the top.

Now place the fish in a platter covered with a shallow depth of water. Presently your fish will acquire and wriggle, at last entirely straightening itself out.

Caught the Dean

ONE of Dean Swift's friends sent him a fish by a lad. The boy burst into the room, exclaiming very unpoetically: "My master sends you a fish."

"That is not the way a gentleman should enter," reproved the dean. "You sit here in my chair while I show you how to send your manners."

When the boy was seated the dean went out. Then the dean knocked at the door, bowed low and said: "Sir, my master sends his kind compliments, and hopes you are well, and begs you to accept a small present."

"Indeed," replied the boy, "return him my best thanks, and there is a shilling for yourself."

The dean, caught in his own trap, laughed heartily, and gave the boy a half crown for his ready wit.

Was Resting

WILLIE had been ill, so he was sent to the country for a rest and to regain his health. Of course, he was told to write as soon as he arrived. But a week passed before his mother received the following note: "Dear mother, I got here all right but forgot to write. I and another boy went out in a boat and the boat upset. A man got me out all right. I was filled with water and didn't know anything for a long time. A horse kicked me over yesterday so I've got a big bump on my head. I'm going to set fire to a barn tonight, so I suppose we'll have lots of fun. I'm going to bring a dandy dog home if I can get him. My trusty dog is leaving you, Willie."

A Royal Retort

When Prince Edward of Wales, then a nippon, was going round the country, he attended a ball one night at Rio. Observing that the ladies were all dressed in cat skins and neglected the daughters of the barons, he said to a friend: "What a shame! I'll go and tell them to get down and whittle. God save your grandmother, and let me alone!" was the prince's retort.

Neighborly

A few days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbor he chanced to pass the neighbor's place, where he saw their little child and teased the pigpen watching its new occupant.

"How d'ye do, Johnny?" said he; "Oh, pretty well, thank you," replied the boy. "How are your folks?"

"What became of Nineveh?" asked a Sunday school teacher.

"It was destroyed," said Johnny, promptly.

LEGEND of the THREE OAKS



THREE brothers stood on the summit of the hill. A pretty hill it was—as pretty as any in Derbyshire—with a pleasing view stretching on all sides. But none of the brothers felt its beauty this morning, for they were bidding one another goodbye. A little while and they would be separated; gone along three different paths, perhaps never to meet again.

Drawnwork Popular

IN all lines of fancy linen intended for household use the main idea in the selection is that it should be of a kind and quality to give satisfactory wear.

It is for this reason that drawnwork has become such a great favorite for so many seasons.

For there is no form of decoration for this purpose which looks better after it is laundered than does drawnwork, whether it be of Japanese or Mexican origin. There are no other forms of ornamentation which launder so well.

The fact is that drawnwork of Japanese origin can be obtained at such moderate cost that any one who desires can become the possessor of specimens of table or bed linen ornamented with it.

Irish hand-embroidered bed sets, consisting of sheets and pillow cases, and shown in great variety in all of the leading retail departments which cater to the fine trade.

Some of the designs are quite simple and of moderate cost. The work is of the solid variety of embroidery as a rule, though some of the more expensive examples have a portion of the design executed in openwork effect.

The variety of the hand towel with scallop embroidered edges is on the increase. The introduction of the stamped towel ready made in variety, and now most houses hold linen departments carry the ready-made article in both design and finish.

When they rejoined him, he drew from his pocket three acorns. "Let us give these acorns our names," he said. "Then we shall plant them, and where the acorn grows into a tree, so will he whose name it bears prosper; but shall it grow, or shall the tree be blasted, it will be as a sign that the brother it represents be in sore need or dead."

Two and for further words, they clasped hands once more and then turned to go. Not yet had they descended the hill when one brother waved his arm, crying: "Come back, my brothers! Come back!"

When they rejoined him, he drew from his pocket three acorns. "Let us give these acorns our names," he said. "Then we shall plant them, and where the acorn grows into a tree, so will he whose name it bears prosper; but shall it grow, or shall the tree be blasted, it will be as a sign that the brother it represents be in sore need or dead."

Other years passed. The two remaining oaks thrived. But finally there came a terrific storm, struck by lightning a shiver of the oak was torn and twisted on the ground. And the brother who had chosen the oak, now prone, muttered sadly to himself: "Aster James is dead. I am alone in the world."

A few days later the man disappeared from his old home, nor was he ever heard of again. Perhaps it may be that the magic of the spell was broken after the death of one of the brothers, for, although never broken, the oak is not so hardy as its lineage. People frequently visit the oak in the park, and know known as Oaker Hill. In Derbyshire, the oak is the symbol of the three brothers. No one seems to know.

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Geo. Richardson,

A HOLE IN THE ROCK

The Story of an Attempted Escape From Gibraltar.

BURROWING OUT OF PRISON.

The Wonderful Secret Work That Convict Realff Performed in the Teeth of Constant and Systematic Supervision by His Jailers.

Ambrose Realff was undergoing a life sentence on the towering rock of Gibraltar for scuttling his ship for the sake of the insurance money. The governor told the story of Realff's attempt to escape.

"That fellow led a roving life—a daredevil that obeyed every impulse, good or bad. And yet for three whole years I found him a model prisoner. At first he was employed as carpenter, and a little later we put him on the harbor works. But suddenly to this wild nature came an unquenchable thirst for freedom. At that time Realff was in charge of all the laborers' pick handles and wheelbarrows in the Rosta quarry, where he was installed in a little lean-to shed against a hollow in the mighty cliff. Every report put before me extolled the man's good behavior.

"Well, every afternoon at 4 the working party of convicts would form up and return to the prison—which, as you know, contains some of the toughest characters of both east and west—and an officer would go to Realff's shed to unlock him and bring him along with the rest.

"But this afternoon the door was opened in vain. Realff was not there. And yet twenty minutes previously he had been seen through the little window when visited by the chief warden. He had even answered to his name as he stood playing at his bench in a dark recess. He was gone, how or where I could not tell. Unquestionably the shed was locked on the outside, and the lock had not been tampered with. And there appeared no other exit except the door, leading but solid rock. The little shanty was ransacked, emptied, but without result.

"Could the man, I wondered, have discovered some secret route? You know the whole rock is fairly honeycombed with holes, both natural and artificial, like Grottoes, caves, and so on. At the results such an escape would have on the morale of my dangerous gang, I had torched brought and personally examined every crack and crevice of the cliff against which the shed was built. Then my best officers went over it with hammer and compass. But no, nothing but solid rock. Now for the door. It was level and fairly smooth, just covered in places with a little loose shale.

"Bring me a bucket of water," I cried with sudden inspiration. When it came, I threw it carefully out, and we all watched. "More and more!" We fairly inundated the floor and shouted with excitement as we saw it ebb almost as swiftly as we poured.

"More absorption was impossible. The rock was not porous. There must be a cave or tunnel below. The man must be growing better now!" Heedlessly we traced the ebbing streams to a dark and distant corner, where I had to get down on all fours to crawl under a massive rock shelf. Here the last trick disappeared.

"Like a flash our crowbars went at work, and, lo, a big block was pried up, revealing a dark gap below. I approached it cautiously. "Now, Realff!" I cried sternly, "it's all up! We've got you!"

"There was no reply. My chief warden poked a pole down and found a depth of eight feet. He and two giant subordinates got out their revolvers, seized lanterns and swung themselves in—on ticklish a job as rooting out a wounded tiger from his lair. We above waited long and breathlessly. Suddenly a faint shout trailed up to us, followed by sounds of a desperate struggle in the caverns, and by back they came, with Realff securely handcuffed. Lovingly, we hailed him up, battered, but smiling.

"He faced his disappointment with rare pluck, flashed a smile on me and said, 'Better luck next time, colonel!' "That was the end of four long and patient years of endeavor. I think he discovered the pit shortly after he was first put in the shed. And he had not only enlarged it with a scrap of iron and the patience of another Baruch Treach, but he had extended it laterally, no doubt hoping for ultimate escape to the sea by the subterranean passage.

would soon be picked up by some passing craft in the crowded strait of Gibraltar, and he had a story ready for his saviors as well as provisions for himself. Of these last he had abundance—chiefly biscuit and salt pork—laid by bit by bit from his rations and carried out daily from the prison in such small quantities as to elude the search made at every parade.

SAVED BY HIS TEETH.

Quick Wit of a Missionary Among a Tribe of Cannibals.

Missionaries have much to contend with in dealing with the tribes on some of the islands of the southern Pacific, and I am reminded of an incident that occurred on a remote island of the Fiji group whose tribes were still influenced by the savagery of cannibalism. A German missionary had made excellent progress toward the enlightenment of a tribe of savages in the interior when he was taken ill and forced to abandon his work and seek recuperation in a village along the coast.

During his absence a native medicine man succeeded in undoing all that the good German father had accomplished. The latter was warned that under the circumstances he would be unsafe for him to return to the scene of his labors upon his recovery, but he decided that his duty called him there, and he returned to the village whose inhabitants had gone over to the teachings of the medicine man.

His reception was decidedly a warm one, and he was informed that he made a practical demonstration of the superiority of his teachings over those of the medicine man he would be converted in short order into food for the hungry tribesmen. He at once realized that if he hung upon slender thread and endeavored to show to the savages by argument that their conclusions as to his edible qualities were entirely erroneous and that they should turn their thoughts to other matters of food as well as to higher subjects.

His efforts were vain, however, and just as he was about to be struck down by the uplifted clubs of the chief men in the tribe he happily thought himself of the fact that his upper teeth were false. Opening his mouth, he hastily extracted his set, flourished it in the face of his astonished opponents, and particularly the features of the medicine-man—and, replacing the teeth as suddenly as he had extracted them, rebuked his charges in a manner which can better be imagined than described. The tribe, believing that he had performed a miracle in taking out and replacing his own teeth, drove the medicine man from the village and restored the missionary to his former place as upholder of their material and spiritual destinies.

Black Coated Paupers.

We are becoming not only a nation of shopkeepers, but a nation of clerks. Every young man wishes to be a clerk, every young woman a typewriter. The profession is frightfully overcrowded and rightfully overcrowded. We have neither servants nor laborers, only an army of black coated paupers.—London Graphic.

Right in It.

Wiseall—Charley isn't a bad fellow socially, but he's a dead failure in money matters. Why, I actually believe he owes everybody in the town! Wright—And you call that a dead failure? I should say that Charley is a Napoleon of finance.

The cheerful life longest in years and afterlife in our regards.—Hovee.

India's Filmy Maslin.

A story is told of a weaver who was "chastised and turned out of Dacca for his neglect in not preventing a famine from spreading, the cause of mass spread to dry for an spider's web." Bogli records the story about a Mogul princess whose father was "angry with his daughter for showing her skin through her clothes, whereupon the royal princess reconstructed her justification that he had seven smiles on"—Indian World.

Early Tendencies.

"Do you believe boys often turn out as their youth promised?" "Well, they do sometimes. There's Carter. He was the village cupid when he was a boy, and now he's the leading surgeon in a hospital."

It is not only in politics, but in other things, that many men think they are too smart to be honest.—Paul Deitch.

Love your neighbor, but don't sell him the fence.—German proverb.

Ungratefulness is the very poison of mankind.—Sidney.

The purpose firm is equal to the deed.—Young.

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THE DUST IN THE AIR.

Without it the Heat of the Sun Would Be Unbearable.

The usefulness of dust is proclaimed by science despite all the howlers of all the ages. Dust is part of the machinery that produces cloud and rain. It is also a protection from the sun. Without it the sun's rays would be unbearable. The reason that sunburn is most easily acquired on the mountains than in the lowlands is said to be probably because of the comparatively dustless air of the mountainous regions.

A dustless atmosphere during rain would mean a much greater degree of discomfort than rain ever brings. Trees and buildings would be dripping with moisture, our clothing and the exposed parts of our bodies would be constantly wet, umbrellas would be classed as useless curios, and instead of trying to conquer the dust in the house we should have to face a much greater enemy in wet doors and dripping walls. In every drop of rain and in every particle of cloud there is a particle of dust. A sample of air may be taken anywhere and the number of its dust particles accurately determined. Dust, too, produces the glorious sunset effects in the evening sky, thus causing the faint obscurity we call twilight.

Twilight is always a reflected glory. The light comes from the sun, which has in the meanwhile sunk below the horizon. The reflector is an upper layer of dust. Were the air perfectly dustless there would be no twilight. Darkness would immediately follow the sunset.—Exchange.

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a204p

Hail Insurance Tax.

Mr. Gustus Expresses His Views on
The Hail Insurance Tax.

Moline, Ill., Sept. 7, 1908.

To the Editor

Sir,—The writer is pleased to note the liberal amount of editorial space accorded the subject of Hail Insurance Tax in your issue of August 27th, also the very thoughtful and deliberate manner in which you are led to the conclusion that the proposed plan is "An Impossible Scheme." Be this as it may, the subject of hail insurance is not so easily disposed of, neither will it be settled in Alberta until it is settled right, and the will of a majority of your farmers be heard in this matter if they demand the passage of a bill taxing all land subject to taxation in the Province a nominal sum, say, one-fourth or one-half, of one cent per acre, for the purpose of creating a fund from which to pay equitably, all crop losses by hail, such legislation will doubtless be passed at the ensuing session. This is not a movement suddenly and thoughtlessly advocated by fanatics, neither is it a scheme for profit; it is a plan of safe and fair insurance against losses of this kind, so low in cost that it can be afforded by all, and in no case be felt as a burden.

It is true, though perhaps not widely known, that the Alberta Government on receipt of a premium of fifteen cents per acre, insures crops against destruction by hail to the limit of \$4 per acre. If the practice of crop insurance were more general in the Province, the rate of premium would probably be a little less. But the rate of premium and amount to be paid in the event of total loss, are fixed by statute, and the Alberta Government is given a monopoly of the hail insurance business. It is therefore useless to advocate any other form of hail insurance until the present law on this subject is repealed, which the writer hopes will be accomplished at the ensuing session of the Legislature.

Statistics, if such are compiled, showing the aggregate loss of crops by hail in the Province, would be of interest to elucidate the importance of this subject. In their absence the writer has been informed by men who are in a position to know, approximately, at least, the amount of hail losses paid for by the Government annually, that said losses aggregate a sum well up in the hundreds of thousands. Districts that had not been visited by hail for years, were this year damaged to a greater or less extent. It is therefore apparent that no district in the Province can safely boast of being absolutely exempt from crop losses through this source.

Though given scant publicity at the time, the Airdrie District was recently visited by at least two hailstorms, both of which spread heavy crop destruction in their paths. The writer visited both districts, in fact, his own crop was swept away in one of them. By inquiry it was learned that but little insurance had been carried by the farmers in the stricken districts, hence many sustained complete losses. Splendid crops, the value of which would be above \$15 per acre, were literally hammered flat to the ground by the destroying element, leaving the previously hopeful and happy farmers filled with disappointment. Occurrences of this kind are to be looked for in semi-developed districts. In view of this fact, and the costly experiences of many Alberta farmers in the past, the writer is confidently of the opinion that the present system of hail insurance will soon be repealed, to be substituted by some measure which will call upon all owners of taxable lands in the Province for an equitable contribution to a common fund from which to pay losses of this kind. That the effect of the passage of such a law would tend to greatly encourage and stimulate agriculture, increase immigration from this and other countries and in general build up the welfare of every industry in Alberta, cannot be doubted. By protecting and in every legitimate manner encouraging her agriculture, Alberta will have laid well and deep the foundation for the greatness to which she is most certainly destined.

Yours for the good of the public.

J. E. GUSTUS.

RURAL MAIL DELIVERY.

Government Considering This Question.

Hon. Rodolphe Lemieux, postmaster general, accompanied by Dr. Coulter, his deputy, have gone on a visit to the border states to study the American system of rural mail delivery. In a speech delivered recently by the postmaster general in Quebec, he held out the hope that the government would be able to establish rural mail delivery in Canada at an early date.

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